

Amph.
Eng. Lit.
C.

A POEM WRITTEN BY W.
WILFRED CAMPBELL AND
PRIVATELY ISSUED TO HIS
FRIENDS FOR THE NEW
YEAR 1899.

Goldwin Smith Esq.,

With all good wishes of

W. Wilfred Campbell

Ottawa.

DEPARTURE.

OLD house now ruined, wrecked and gray,
Home once enshrined of love's delight
And all glad promise of the May,
Now hushed in shades of wintry night :—

Once garment of a thousand loves,
Now but a shroud of glooming stone ;—
While sad October moans and roves
Old house, old house, we are alone !

We are alone ; yea, you and I,
Who dreamed old summers in their prime ;
Now sad and late, to see them die
Along this ruined verge of time.

Old rooms now empty, once so bright,—
Stair-cases climbed of gladdening feet,
Dark windows erstwhile filled with light
Where now but rains of autumn beat :—

Where now but lorn months call and call
And sea and gust and night complain,—
With ghost-boughs shadowing on the wall,
Or dead vines knocking at the pane.

Old place, whose ceilings, walls and floors
Still redolent of love and May ;
Once more, once more I leave your doors,
Into the night I take my way.

Huge yawning hearths, once flaming bright
On many a well-loved face and form
Long gathered out unto the night
To meet the vastness and the storm :—

Into the night ; where I, too, go,
Beyond your sheltering walls and doors ;
Where death's October drives his woe
Over a thousand midnight moors.—

Beyond your sheltering, where I beat
To sleep with stars of dark o'ergleamed ;
Or breast the night of moan and sleet
To meet that morn a world hath dreamed.

Hath dreamed ? Hope-hungering heart hath read,
And carolled morning-lifted lark !
Yea, back of all this muffled dread
Perchance some splendor rifts the dark.—

Yea, though no magic reach its gleams,
Nor heart of doubting prove it true :—
Old house, beloved, of my dead dreams,
While I go forth from love and you.

